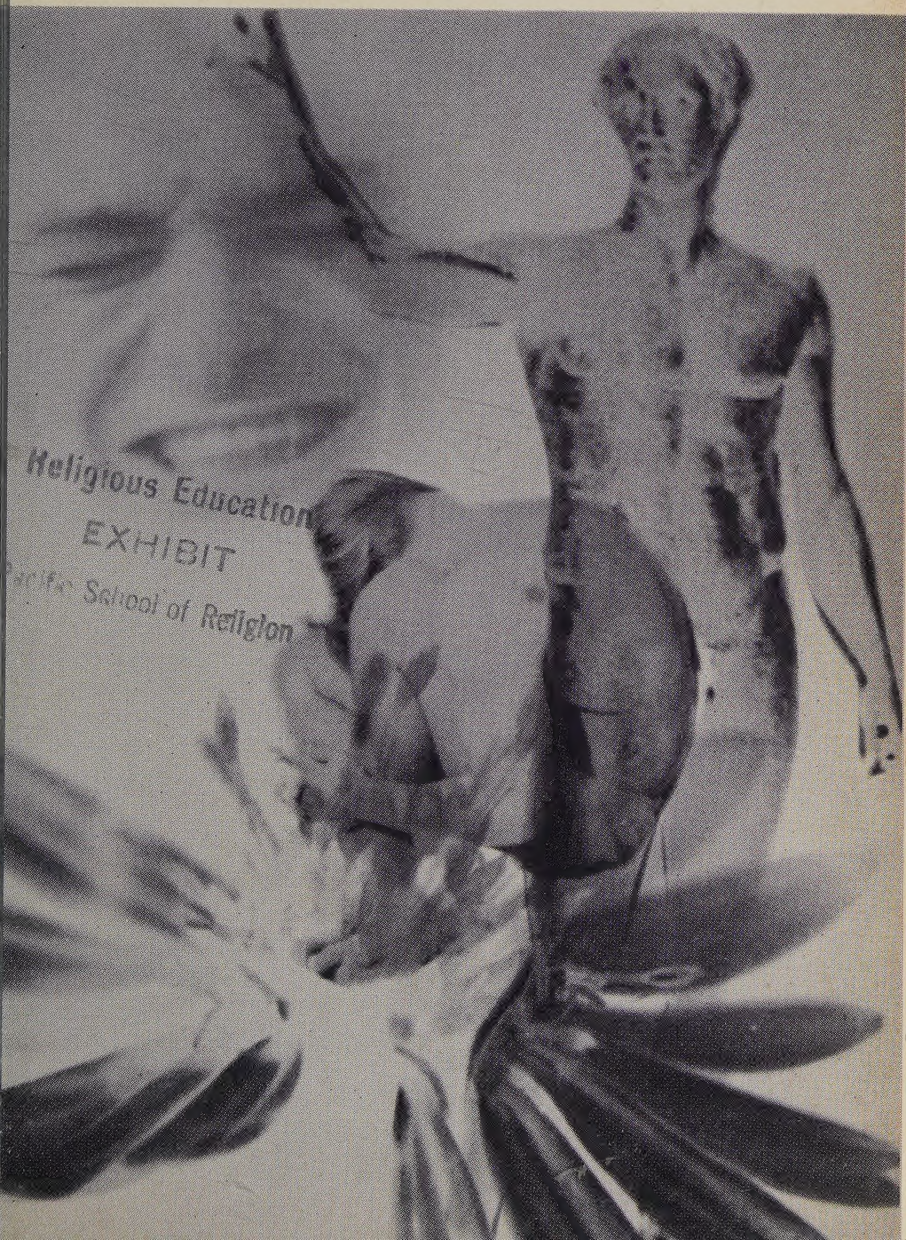
Youth creative arts/66



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Editor: Herman C. Ahrens, Jr.
Assoc. Editor: Laura-Jean Mashrick
Art Consultant: Charles Newton
Admin. Secretary: Clara Utermohlen
Editorial address: Room 800, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102

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What does it mean to be creative? In some ways, it simply means to be human—to be a person. As God is the Creator, he has given us (created as we are "in his image") the ability to look at the creation and express our feelings about it. Through music, dance, words, paint, clay, film, wood, or stone man has continually sought to express his feelings, insights, frustrations, hopes, and dreams. As he experienced Creation, he has attempted re-create, through various media, its meaning to him. And, man has done this at each stage of his life; for what we feel about life and how we perceive it, change as we change and grow older.

Thus, YOUTH seeks to be a place where you as young people can express yourselves at this point in your lives. And, we try to encourage you to share your expressions with us and each other. Therefore, for the past four years we have held a Creative Arts Award competition. This year the competition was announced in our January 16, 1966 issue and closed on May 1, 1966. Judging was done by our staff. The categories of creative expression were photography, art work, sculpture, and creative writing (poetry, fiction, and non-fiction). Any person under 20 years of age qualified. Each person who has an entry published in this issue is receiving 2 dollars. Other entries which are also worthy of publication will be appearing in future issues of YOUTH. If you wish extra copies of this 1966 Creative Arts Award issue, send 25 cents for each copy, plus 5 cents postage, to YOUTH magazine.

A LAUGHING CLOWN BY WAYNE HARRISON

A BALL OF YARN BY GAIL FAIRFIELD

Life is like a Ball of Yarn:

It winds

on

and and

on on

and

sometimes

ya ng

ryi

often Knot!

PORTRAIT OF DYLAN BY WILLIAM MILNE

MAN BY LAURI PUFF

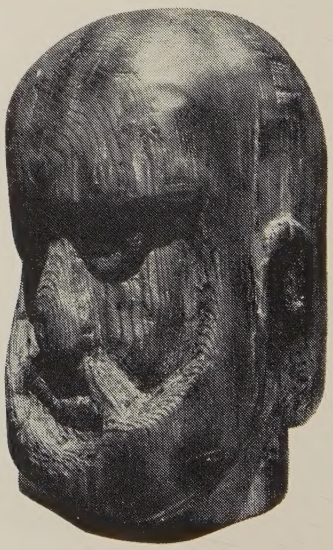
ATE FAIR BY DON FATKA

know all the answers, but no one has given me the questions.

From PETE by Steve Lane

LIEIN' LION BY
KATHY EILENFELDT

PATHWAYS OF LIFE BY DANIEL DIEHL



FISHERMAN BY RANDY HILL

PETE BY STEVE LANE

I'm sixteen and I don't know and I don't know and I don't know—and I just don't know.

I know all the answers, but no one has given me the questions. I know about love—but I've never been in love.

I know about Africa. I know about India. And I know about Paris. And I could draw a map of Toronto harbour on an exam.

But I'm lost in my own backyard.

I can solve algebra problems and figure out the colour of eyes children of blue-eyed parents would have, but I can't make head or tail of my own problems and it's getting me down and down.

"Hey, Pete," they call, "what you want to be?"

And I give back a shrug or a nod and "I don't care." And sometimes I don't.

But most times—I do. And I don't know. I don't know what I want to do. Or be.

I just don't know.

And that's got me down.

And down.

I wear my hair long. Sort of long.

Why?

I don't like it so much. Not anymore. To spite my parents I guess. It was always—get it cut and get it cut and get it cut—it's over my forehead and a little over my ears now.

I left home once.

I saw the city.

I asked myself who I was.

Who *they* were.

Who cared.

I got my hair cut.

But I let it grow long again. I just didn't care again.

School's okay. It rolls along. Drags sometimes. I say I hate it. Sometimes I do. But I'd be lost without it. I really wouldn't know where I was going—if they took it away. And summer holidays—they drag on. You know? Sort of—dead. Not all the time— just towards the end.

(Con't from page 7)

Besides, loafing in school has got working beat hands down.

I don't read anymore. Just newspapers. And not them much anymore. Who cares. I don't want to.

They're starving in India. Used to worry my guts a little about it. What can I do? Don't anymore. And when I read about Viet Nam, I read it like a war comic. Not so funny, I guess.

Sometimes, sometimes, I used to think, while I was eating an ice cream or listening to the Animals or something, that, my God, right now, right now, somewhere, some guy in Viet Nam is getting killed. Right now. Right while I'm lying here finking off. Right now. He's getting it. He's—screaming—and—

I'm a zero. A Nowhere Man. But who cares? I've got myself all figured out. I'm nothing.

That's not self-hate or nothin'. That's reality. I'm just one in too many and I can only touch a few people—and I've just given up wanting to help. Most of the times. Other times, sometimes, I wake up, sort of, I wake up and see my life's one big heck of a flop. You know, sixteen zero-type years and I wonder when the heck I'll take on batman-type wings and start to soar. So, then, I start thinkin' of *autre* people.

You know. Red Cross. Money for this and that. I think of them. I do things. Mostly for people. Face to face. I like to see them smile. Know I'm doing something. But it doesn't last long. It's all so—oh, so fake. I'm doing it for myself. Not them. I'm climbing on them and digging in my spurs and riding them up and up and feeding my what-you-call-it on their smiles and—it goes zero on me and I spin out.

I used to smoke. But now, well, now that's zero, too. Dead. And I don't do it. Or drink. No more. Don't want to. Why try to conform to the non-conformists who are more frightened of conforming than being non-conformists. They're sort of—chickens. They'd like to be "normal," I think. Half of 'em. And so fake. Some of them. Hiding. From themselves. So weak inside. Insecure. And laughing. Always laughing.

"We're laughing now, man," they say as they joke away. "No troubles. We're laughing now."

I see right through them. I do now. I took one of 'em home. To see one of my L.P.'s. I took him out of his tough little group and I took him home and my mum was there and you should have seen how polite like he talked to her and I could see him breaking away into dust and, boy, I got out of that group fast.

I learned.

I'm learning.

What for, I don't know.

Or maybe something inside me won't let me answer my own ıestion. Maybe I'm afraid, too. Maybe. Probably.

I don't laugh anymore. Never. Not even at my teachers. I ed to think they were fake. I'm not sure now.

Oh, I'm an okay guy, I guess. But I get so—so depressed hen I think. You know, when I'm un-Dylan and look at tomor-w. Just a little bit. You know, deke open my fingers and sort peek through them at the future. I look through and—God, at throws me every time. Gets me right in the guts. Deep. ery, very deep.

I don't do that anymore, either. Never. Nope, I don't think. ɔt about my future. Not about the world. Just about the ımals and Bob Dylan.

And when I get wound up tight and tight and tight, well, head for some dance dive and move and move and throw my-lf wild and apish all over the place to tearing music and I me out of it so tired and wonderfully alive and dead at the me time that nothing, not a thing, can touch me.

Yeah, I guess I'm an okay guy. Sort of weird, though. Sort . I got it all figured. I mean, what I'll be when I get out of hool. I'll be, well, I don't know. I'll—well, I'll know about ɜ histories of Canada and the U.S. and Britain and the S.S.R. and I'll know about Lenin and Lincoln—and I wonder, wonder if I'll know myself, then. I wonder if I'll be able to l somebody as many things about myself as I can about—ell, Lincoln.

"Lincoln, born, born 1809, was the 16th President of the S. Led his nation through the Civil War and was . . ."

"Me:—me. . .?"

Oh, well, that's the way the old ball bounces. Maybe I can ıd it in a book or something. You know, look up some equa-n and throw down some variables and grind out the answer "What am I?"

I think I know where I'm going. The dawn's behind me. ırkness is ahead. Fate's got hold of me. No, I don't know, hink I don't believe that stuff. No, I think I can control every-ng. I don't know. I just don't know.

Maybe not. But I do know—I think I know, I think I know ıt when I get to where I'm going, I'll recognize it. I'll be able reach out and touch it and say—"Oh, great, I've found it! ıis is it. This is why I went through school, this is what I ited for. This is for me!"

It'll have to be that way. Won't it?

Or will I shake hands with what I could be—and then pass by not seeing what it really was I just shook hands with?

OF COURSE YOU ARE FREE BY MARY POWER

Of course you are free,
My dear,
You're a citizen of the United States, aren't you?

How am I free, Uncle?

Well, you have freedom of religion,
And freedom—

I want to worship the grass!
This lush community of slender sabers
That mercifully thwart their thrusts,
And bending, accommodate my body!
My baptism will be by grass stain,
And I shall sacrifice one worm unto each clod . . .

Don't be ridiculous! This foolishness
Is a mockery of the sane religions
Wise men have taught.

But you said I was free . . .

Well, you are free to search for the truth,
And to—

How shall I find The Truth, Uncle?

Why, they shall teach it to you.

But what if what they teach me
Isn't The Truth?

Don't be presumptuous!
They know the truth
Far better than you.

In short,
You are free to do anything you want to,
as long as it isn't something like shouting "Fire!"
in a crowded—

Yesterday I drew flowers on my feet,
In blue ink,
And they laughed at me.

Of course they did. It was a silly thing to
do. Whatever possessed you?

I felt free, then.

THE CRY OF THE TEENS BY PAT WERKMAN

I am here,
  but I don't know where I am.
I know where I came from,
  but I don't know where I'm going.
I know my name,
  but I don't know who I am.
I'm living the "happiest days of my life,"
  and I'm crying.

LET NO MAN SPIT ON MY EPITAPH BY KEVIN HAMMEL

The great white mother stands in front of the class in her shining new armor and gives her ingathering the bad news. She says that we have to write an essay. Immediately she is bombarded with English Lit books, notebooks, pencils, rotten apples, cabbages, Playboy mags, and anything else that doesn't happen to be nailed down. But she stands unharmed and undaunted, fearless from years of experience. She faces her boisterous audience, insisting that it must be done for the betterment of mankind and the preservation of good grades. She succeeds in calming the front ranks for a minute, but the rear is still in an uproar. The general fights her way to the rear, armed with red pencil and grade book, threatening all who defy her with final and absolute doom and destruction. The enemy shrinks in fear. Their eyes hold the terror which is before them—The Notorious Grade Book—the only thing which can instill such a fear in these war-hardened veterans of the classroom. The rebels seat themselves quietly and bow reverently, paying homage to those who have fallen before them because of the written testaments in that unholy book.

The triumphant queen struts to the front of the horde waving her grade book majestically. She begins to enumerate of this 'not to be forsaken' deed. She expresses that it is to be from three-hundred to five-hundred words in length; a comment which bring an isolated, deteriorated, but very well-aimed tomato from the left flank, grazing her temple and leaving its red mark behind. She staggers for an instant! Will she fall? Shall all her years of toil and sweat be in vain? But of course not. She regains her ground with the art of a battle-scarred veteran, flips through the pages of her little black book, marks the culprit, and proceeds to expound on the virtues of creative writing.

Once again she has proven that dirty war tactics shall always be victorious over sincere and peace-loving students.

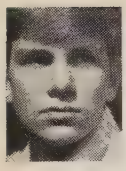
ANTIQUITY BY SUSAN SCHWENK

Old age, she thought, can I have reached it?
That withering, senile time—
To watch the young ones romp and gallop,
While I just sit and quietly knit.

My body creaks and groans,
My arms and joints are sore.
Weary am I all the time;
Mentally, I'm insecure.

Past the ripe old age of funtimes
When I was full of laughs, and gay:
That era of vigorous exercise
Has simply seemed to fade away.

Disconsolate, I sit here rocking,
Wrinkled face of an elderly queen,
Pondering the future bleakly—
A decaying matron of seventeen.



CRAIG ANDREWS, FARMINGTON, CONN., 17 / "My interest in c
expression evolved simply from a need for an outlet to express myself. To satisf
I took a Photographic Design course in school. This particular passage in (
(3:1-13) was chosen because it gave me the opportunity to express my Christian
concerning good and evil. As a result, I gained more insight into the mystery of
origin of evil and its relation to my person." "Genesis 3:1-13"—cover

WAYNE HARRISON, BROADWAY, VA., 14 / "I do not call myself an a
but I enjoy trying to express what I see and feel with pencil and brush. In 'A La
Clown' (p. 3) I tried to show both the satisfaction a clown receives from his
and the joy he brings to young and old."

GAIL FAIRFIELD, TOKYO, JAPAN, 16 / "Poetry is my means of exp
emotional responses to certain situations and of relieving myself of inner conflicts.
out this means of release, I would probably explode. 'A Ball of Yarn' (p. 3) oc
to me in the middle of the night. The words rolled around and around in my
until I had to write them down or stay awake all night. The feeling came upo
last summer as a result of a hectic but monotonous travel schedule that I was follo
during my family's three-month furlough in the States."

WILLIAM MILNE, DALLAS, TEX., 13 / "There is really no significant mea
to my work; it is nothing more than an abstract conception of Dylan. The only
significant to mention is that the title ('Portrait of Dylan in Red and Black Pe
p. 4) refers to Bob Dylan and not Dylan Thomas . . . and that the work was comp
while listening to Dylan records."

LAURI PUFF, DAYTON, OHIO, 17 / "The art supply store has always be
fantasy land where I could wander for hours among the pastels, oils and waterco
Creative arts is a way in which I can transpose the beautiful moments of life on
piece of paper. It not only is a form of relaxation to me, but a way I can ex
myself and create reality. In 'Man' (p. 4) I tried to show his anatomy by the u
symmetry of his veins."

DON FATKA, POLK CITY, IOWA, 19 / "I have been interested in time expo
ever since I started using my camera. I feel 'State Fair' (p. 5) combines the
present lights of a fair and reactions of the people."

KATHY EILENFELDT, MASON CITY, IOWA, 15 / "I have needed a wa
express myself and my feeling. Within the past year I have discovered that fo
the way is through abstract creations and illustrations. My 'Liein' Lion' (p. 5) is
an expression. He is going places—walking through his jungle and looking forward
his eyes wide open, and he is happy about what he sees. His head shows my
to be somewhat of an individual and different from the other lions which are
usual everyday way of doing things."

DANIEL DIEHL, ALLIANCE, OHIO, 17 / "At the present time I am taking a correspondence course in commercial art." Entry—"Pathways of Life" (p. 6)

RANDY HILL, PHOENIX, ARIZ., 16 / "I have been interested in art for as long as I can remember. However, 'Fisherman' (p. 6) was my first attempt at sculpture. 'Fisherman' was carved to the likeness of a real person, Rick Griffin, a dedicated California surfer, who has been an inspiration to me, and seemed to look like Peter must have looked."

STEVE LANE, WILLOWDALE, ONT., CANADA, 19 / "I thought for a long time a writer was created to write, about what it didn't seem to matter, but I have now begun to see that a good writer can and is an important part of society and communication and that the creative writer, in particular, should write in an attractively readable way about the problems, the weaknesses, the ideas, anything he feels is important in the world as he sees it or, in some cases, as other people see it. While he probably will not be able to alter these conditions, he can point them out to a large number of people and perhaps start the swing of the pendulum." Entry—"Pete"—(pp. 7-9)

MARY POWER, WILBRAHAM, MASS., 16 / "Writing has been the best way for me to organize and clarify my thoughts. When I feel a strong emotion, I can pinpoint it and give it significance by expressing it in words. 'Of Course You Are Free' (p. 10-11) was provoked by the resentment I felt for a social system which claims that it has political freedom, yet enslaves its members to strict social stigmas. The common anger and hatred which difference provokes in people is entirely immoral according to the principles of democracy and Christianity, yet it has been prevalent in every community I've ever known."

PAT WERKMAN, POMONA, CAL., 17 / "When I first began to write, I 'illustrated' each of my little 'books.' I long since dropped that, and with it, I stopped creating my own words to make my poems rhyme. I can't say when I first became interested in creative writing but I do know this interest has been expanded through work with our school newspaper and its advisor this past year. Writing is the only medium of creation I can really express myself in and I take advantage of it as often as I can. 'The Cry of the Teens' (p. 11) was written by a teen-ager, but it is not only for teen-agers; it is for adults who have somehow forgotten what it is to be a teen-ager."

KEVIN HAMMEL, EYOTA, MINN., 17 / " 'Let No Man Spit on My Epitaph' (p. 12) was written as an attempt to remove from my mind the world of today which everybody thinks is so full of turmoil, aggression, and confusion. I see and hear on the tele and radio my fellow young Americans protesting and marching for one of an infinite number of causes and I sense a feeling of tremendous passiveness and unconcern sweep over me. I feel so out of place without a cause that I feel compelled to start one. So all of you who are passive of body and mind join me in forming 'What This Country Needs Is More Waltz Palaces',—write me."

SUSAN SCHWENK, LANSDALE, PA., 16 / "I do not enjoy deep poetry. It seems to destroy its own purpose—simplicity. I admire Robert Frost as he describes nature and gently urges his reader to think for a moment about a 'Tree by My Window' and recognize its value and wonder about its beauty. 'Antiquity' (p. 13) is a reflection upon the statement 'You're only as young as you feel.' It contains no hidden meanings and very little symbolism. Often lighthearted poems can transmit more truth than serious, detailed, impressive poetry. I sincerely hope you enjoyed reading it."

SHEENA BROWN, ATLANTIC, IOWA, 17 / "I have always liked drawin last year our high school offered an art course, and I determined to learn h draw more professionally. In my woodcut 'Harmony' (p. 17) I tried to create m by visual aids such as color, line, or lack of line. Obviously the musical instrum suggest music right away, but I used a blue background to decide the mood in w the musicians are playing. The vibrations around the musicians hint at the temp kinds of instruments, and the way in which the strings are being handled."

RICHARD PLUMB, ESSEX, CONN., 18 / "Art, in a sense, is a leaning When I find that I'm moody or bored, I always am able to create something w signifies my mood or satisfies my boredom. The head (untitled, p. 18), was d n an evening when I was baby-sitting and had just about had it with people."

ROBERT McCAMANT, HUBBARD, ORE., 17 / "I believe my photograp creative . . . but I'm afraid they don't express. By creativity, I suppose I mean have originality and they indicate how I see things, not how they actually are. then, I look at the works of Dorothea Lange or a collection like *Family of Man,* a feel very unable to communicate. 'Peggy' (p. 18) represents an attempt to capture beauty of a classically beautiful girl as she is; my creativity entered into the pi only in that I attempted to make that beauty obvious and striking. The Lord most of the actual creation."

RUSS ROWLAND, BETHEL, CONN., 18 / "I'm a student at Earlham Co where I plan to major in English. Perhaps seminary afterward; I'm interested theology and Christian education. Writing means a lot to me, and if anythin keeping me from deciding on the ministry, it's poetry. I did once find a kitte ours perched contemplatively on a window sill, as 'Secret Sympathy' (p. 19) indic and I've always been an astronomer of sorts; but I can't remember ever crawling on the roof to star-gaze, and I don't have a sister. Poems are like that; melting of truth and fantasy, of fact and imagination. And they relate the unrelated: who kittens and young astronomers don't have lots in common?"

DARLENE BRUESEWITZ, MILWAUKEE, WIS., 18 / "I can't remember wh started writing, but I can't remember when I didn't write. I used to write on scraps of paper whenever something made me think. Now I write in a paper note named Book (creative name, isn't it?). I write to express myself—sometimes ju make things clearer to myself. 'After I Lost' (p. 19) is one of my own favorite cause I wrote it after my bitterness about losing someone's love had passed; th strange thing happened—I realized that all the memories I had tried to erase fro mind were too precious a part of growing up to be destroyed."

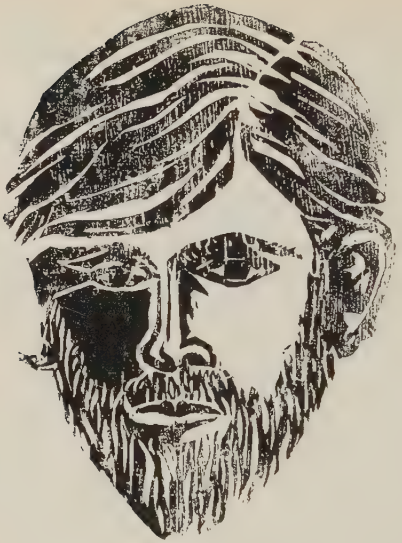
ANDREA HEISS, JACKSONVILLE, ILL., 17 / "My poetry is an attempt to e the intangible. Writing challenges me to constantly re-examine my ideals, ambi and values. I am the poetry editor for the school literary magazine and empl this summer for the local newspaper. And I have always been involved with an terested in every type of writing. Poetry seems to distill life and its meaning clearer, more precise substance. In capturing an emotion or event, poetry can ex every facet of life." Entry—"Love"—(p. 20)

VICKI VAN HORN, POTTSTOWN, PA., 17 / "I write compulsively. Mo my scribblings are motivated by things which either annoy or haunt me. Sometime writing seems to be one elaborate complaint. The title 'No Birds Just Words' (p. was inspired by Lawrence Ferlinghetti's poem about Saint Francis. The poem inspired by the discomfort and improbability of going to the movies to watch movies."

HARMONY BY SHEENA BROWN

I became nostalgic . . . about love.

From AFTER I LOST by Dorlene Bronowitz



UNTITLED BY RICHARD PLUMB

PEGGY BY ROBERT McCAMANT

SECRET SYMPATHY BY RUSS ROWLAND

You baby cat, parked on the window sill
A-peeping out, you *know* that where you sit
Is off-limits for little kittens. Still,
I'd be a heartless hypocrite to hit
You on the bottom—as my sister would
If *she* had found you—though I know I should.
Illegally, like you, late in the night,
I've crawled out on the cold roof—haven't I?—
Better to see the most beloved sight
I know: the softly glowing summer sky,
The big stars rolling by. And so I say
To you, small cat, that, while to you and me
These things are common, there you're free to stay,
And there, with yours, my heart will rightly be.

AFTER I LOST BY DARLENE BRUESEWITZ

After I lost
I was angry;
but anger melted
into the breath
of bitterness.
Bittersweet spent its season—
then came nothingness.
Nothingness stays but shortly
in the Living,
so I became nostalgic . .
about Love.

LOVE BY ANDREA HEISS

Love is a knife
that cuts deeply and
sharply, a
Bubble of emotion
which bursts when touched.

NO BIRDS JUST WORDS BY VICKI VAN HORN

And so my luv said
Let us go to the movies
And I saw that it was good
And I said
Cool
Thus we went to the movies
And lo!
They were necking
They were necking in the lobby
in front of the coke machine
They were necking in the balcony
And down below
And my luv spake
Yecchhh.
They were necking on the screen
And it was only the newsreel
And we sat afraid
by touch of hands
to ignite
The foggy thick
of hot tinder
atmosphere
While ahead sat a
fat middle-aged
vacuum calmly
chewing Goober's

ABBY BY MARGARET JEAN BAKER

"Hi," Abby said in her most charming voice. She smiled flirtatiously to show to the best advantage the dimple in her left cheek. *That wasn't quite right,* she thought. *Too obvious.* She frowned at the face reflected in her dressing-table mirror. Next she tried a gay, offhand tone. "Hi!" *Still not right.*

She rose from the dressing table and wandered over to the full-length mirror which hung on the door of her room. As she caught sight of her reflection, her eyes widened in surprise. "Why, hello! Imagine meeting you here!" She tried to smile but stopped, her face stiffening. *Oh,* she thought. *This is getting me absolutely nowhere. Someday, somewhere, I'm going to meet him. I've got to be ready.*

Abby flung herself onto her bed and lay there with her eyes closed. A face flashed into her mind—the face which had haunted her for three years. It belonged to Arlen Joseph Kincaid—Arlen Kincaid, the six-foot-two star forward of the Jackson High Bears. Abby could recall every detail of his face—his large brown eyes with their long, thick lashes; his crooked smile; the deep dimple in his chin; and his dark hair, which had a habit of falling down over his forehead.

She let her mind go back to the first time she had seen Arlen. She had relived the scene so often in her imagination that it came to her with no effort, almost without thinking. It happened when she was a freshman at Moberly High and went to a basketball game at Jackson. She walked around in the lobby before the game, and as she turned around a corner, she crashed into a boy. As

(Con't from page 21)

she jumped back in embarrassment, he looked down from his six feet of height and smiled disarmingly at her.

"Excuse *me,*" he said. "You all right?" Abby nodded dumbly. He grinned and went on his way while Abby stared after him. Later, when she saw him playing on the Jackson team, she found out who he was. She was never the same again.

For the next three years Arlen was on Abby's mind most of the time. She went to every game that Moberly played with Jackson just to see him and watched the sports on television every night to keep track of the Jackson team. She looked for Arlen everywhere she went. She had learned quite a bit about him in those three years and had filed every little fact away in her memory. Every time she saw him he impressed her more deeply; each little detail she collected made him more unforgettable than before.

Abby reached out and picked up her shabby, brown teddy bear, which was almost as old as she was. She hugged it to her. "Someday, Jo-Jo," she said fondly, "you and I are going to meet him." She stood Jo-Jo up and walked him up and down on the bed next to her. Jo-Jo had started his life as Buddy, but Abby had renamed him Jo-Jo after Arlen Joseph Kincaid. "It'll be just us three, Jo-Jo—no, maybe just Arlen and me. But don't worry, Jo-Jo. I won't desert you, ever. I'll always keep you around. After all, you're my very own Jackson Bear." She kissed Jo-Jo gently on the top of his dilapidated head before laying him down.

Abby started thinking again. *We play Harker tomorrow night. Maybe Arlen will be there. If he is . . .* Her mind drifted off again.

Abby leaned casually against the wall. Arlen looked down at her and flashed his crooked grin. "Why, hello," he said. "Haven't I seen you somewhere before?" Her heart leaped excitedly at the mere sound of his voice.

No! she thought. *He won't recognize me. I didn't make any impression on him. How could I?*

Her thoughts followed her as she got up and went over to her mirror. She stared at her reflection—wide green eyes, rather too large; a slightly turned-up nose; and long, straight black hair. *No,* she decided, *he wouldn't remember me. Oh, well, I can dream, can't I?*

She reached over and picked up a newspaper which was lying on the chair next to the dressing table. She turned to the sports page, which had an account of the Jackson-Moberly game the week before. She read: "Senior forward Arlen Kincaid took game honors with 39 points." She experienced the same little thrill she always felt when she saw his name in print. After a brief search in the drawer of the table, she found a pair of scissors and carefully cut out the article to paste in her scrapbook.

Then she glanced down at the dressing table, where a basketball program was lying. She took an eyebrow pencil which she had borrowed from her mother and carefully wrote Arlen's name. *What if Mom should see it?* she thought and quickly crossed it out. She leaned on her elbow with her chin in her hand and closed her eyes. *I can dream, can't I?* she thought again.

She visualized herself walking slowly down the street. She was so absorbed in her thoughts that she stepped unwittingly off the curb, and the next thing she knew she was sitting in the street clutching her ankle. A boy appeared, seemingly out of nowhere.

"Are you hurt?" He leaned down. "Let me help you." Startled, she stared at him in disbelief. "Oh, of course!" He laughed. "We haven't been introduced. I'm Arlen Kincaid."

"I'm Abby Miller," she managed to say. She looked up at him and smiled shyly, very conscious of the gaze of his brown eyes.

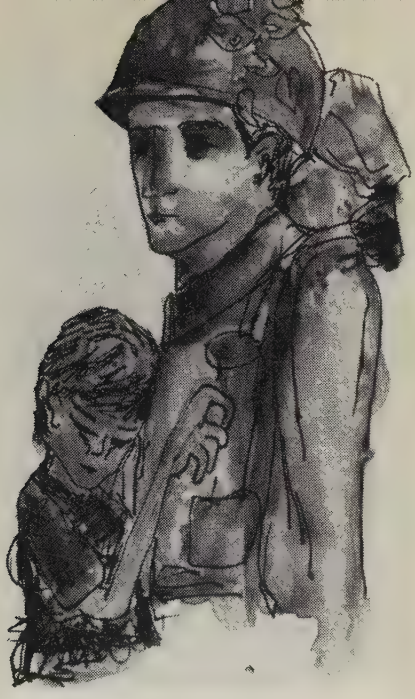
"Delighted," Arlen said . . .

Abby came back to reality with a painful jerk. She stared at her mirror, and tears stole into her eyes. *No, it's no use. I'll never meet him. I'm just kidding myself, and I'm not even doing a very good job of that. It's just not fair! I've invested over three years of my life in him, and where am I? Just what's wrong with me, anyway? He's all I ever really wanted, and I can't ever have him. Not only that, but he's ruined me for any other boy, ever . . .*

A hot tear ran down her right cheek. It was quickly followed by another and then by still another. Finally, with tears streaming down her cheeks, she buried her face in her arms and cried as if her heart would break.

FORMIDABLE SIGHT OF THE BERLIN WALL AT 2 A.M. BY ROBERT HANKS

I LIFT MY LAMP BY ROBERT MCCAMANT



WHOSE WAR? BY SUSAN MACLEOD

nhuman screams
rom the depths
of unreality . . .

From THE SCREAM by Nancy Richards

MY ALLOWANCE BY LINDA ANN NIHART

UNTITLED BY LESLIE PHELPS

"Anne!"

A frail twelve-year-old girl appeared from a staircase. "Yes?"

"What are you doing up there?" her mother asked.

"Watching."

"Watching what? Get down here, there's work to be done."

"I know it, Mother."

"Then get down from the attic if you know there is work. You are just a very lazy girl."

"I know it."

Her mother gave an exasperating sigh. "At least I am going to do something, Anne."

"So am I; I'm going to the attic again."

Her mother's eyes flared with rage. Mumbling words to herself, she began to cry. "This is all I am ever going to get, a flat in the slums, a drunken husband and an undependable girl. They tell me to thank God for his goodness, but he has given me little. My daughter, she is lazy. Yes, she loves her world. She does not realize there is more to life than a dirty attic with dirty pigeons and a place to draw, but she will find out like I did. My son is gone; I hear from him little. He must still be in New York. I am too old to keep going like this . . . ."

Children's voices, bird's singing, and the traffic's sound filled the very dirty room. Wads of paper were lying on the floor.

"It's no use, Reeley. I can't get it to work out."

There was a silence. Anne walked over to the window. "Mother says there is nothing to watch up here. She lacks imagination, doesn't she, Reeley?" Still there was silence. "I often wonder about Robert. He said he was leaving forever. Why? I asked him to take me with him, but he said no. Which way is New York?" No answer. "Mother says she hears from him often. I don't believe her. Robert hated it here. He must not have known about my room. One has to be happy up here. Why did Robert want more than this? He could have gotten a job carrying groceries or something. Oh, he wouldn't exactly get rich, but he'd get money. Why did he leave Father, Mother, and me? He must have been looking for something or someone, don't you think, Reeley?" Anne stared into empty space. She walked over to her sketch. "It's no good. I have to go now Reeley, okay?" She didn't expect an answer. After she had grabbed a few coins from a glass jar, she ran down the steps. Her drawing lay on the floor in a wad. The room was empty because there was no real Reeley.

Anne walked down the street. Two small girls called to her and then continued their jump rope rhyme. She passed two boys, deeply engrossed in a marble game. They said something to her about being a cheapy creepy girl, but she pretended not to hear. The two blocks to her destination went

(Con't from page 27)

very quickly, and she was soon walking up to the door. The screen was ripped, and flies came easily in and out. Anne didn't seem to notice it. Ever since she was five she had come here to buy something with her well-earned pennies. She accepted it, that the door was ripped and that flies hung about the place. As she opened the door, she could hear the usual sounds.

"Five pieces of red licorice, please." Anne held out her nickel. The cash register sounded, and the lady handed her five pieces of very long licorice.

"Anne!" She whirled around to see one of her friends. She went over to the table and sat down.

"Hello, Jane."

"Hi! You'll never guess what!"

"No, I don't think I will."

"I've got a new baby brother!" Jane was very excited.

"Really? What'd you name him?"

"Michael. I've got five brothers, now, and only one sister. Mother wanted a girl."

"Brothers are much better," Anne answered.

"Yeah?"

"Well, Robert is pretty good. Of course, He's not home now, but he will come."

Jane had heard about Robert so she quickly changed the subject. "What do you do all day, Anne?"

"Stay home and help Mother."

"All day?"

"No, sometimes I read." Anne avoided telling her about the attic. "How's your mother, Jane?"

"Pretty well after all those children." They laughed. The place smelled of too greasy hamburgers and french fries. It began to nauseate Anne, and the people's voices began to drill at her. She decided to leave. Anne walked out of the store and onto the street. She went past marble, baseball, and jump rope games. She heard the milk man delivering milk to the apartments and flats. The sound of a lady at an out-of-tune piano drifted from one building. She could hear children's crying from many homes. The taverns had a smell strictly their own, and she could hear men's laughter. Anne could remember her mom explaining their laughter to her.

"They laugh only because of booze, Annie. It makes them forget how rotten their life really is. It is instant happiness, but it is false happiness. And at the end, Annie, when they see life without booze, they can't bear it. They live on a local tavern, and a local tavern lives on their money. It ruins people, quickly."

"Mother knows," Anne thought to herself, "about stuff like that. Father is that way." She kept walking farther, getting into a better section. The area was no longer in Harpers Square. Children were no longer playing in the streets, but in their own lawns. She looked at two boys who were lodged high in an apple tree.

"Nigger! Nigger!" they called. Anne felt an apple smash directly behind ıer. She began to run, trying to escape the two boys. After a while, she lowed down. Her throat was very dry. She decided to stop at the place vith a coke sign straight ahead. She walked in and sat down.

"Lemonade, please."

"You from Harpers Square?"

"Yes."

"Then go back to the place. We don't appreciate niggers around here. Oh ure, tell me all your rights. Tell me about dear ole Abe Lincoln and your ext-to-God man, Martin Luther King. But it don't mean nothin' here, kid."

"Don't mean what, sir?"

"You haven't marched yet. You haven't sung those glorious words, 'We hall Overcome', but you will. They'll pound it in you. 'The color of the skin oesn't matter' they say," his voice was full of hate.

"I wish you'd explain yourself," Anne asked meekly.

"Look kid, do I hafta spell it out for you? You're black and I'm white.)on't that mean nothin' to ya?"

"So what?"

" 'So what,' she asks. Don't ya know nothin' kid? You ain't no good; your kin's black. Do you understand?"

Anne swallowed hard. "Yes, I think I understand. No, I don't know the eason you hate my skin, but I know what you're talking about." She got p and left while the man's eyes remained fixed upon her.

"Nigger," he thought. "The poor kid don't know nothin'. She lives in larpers Square. I don't even call it livin'. Their trash out in the streets; ıts eatin' it at night. So what do they do? They blame it on the whites, and hat poor kid don't know better places exist."

"I'm way too far from home," Anne thought. "I should take the bus back, ıt this quarter is all I have. Oh well." She sat down on the bench waiting ır the bus. Her thoughts cluttered around her brain. She remembered the .an's bitter words. "I don't really have a chance," Anne thought. "There e things so much better, but my skin is black. That man, maybe he just ıd a bad day. He couldn't have meant everything he said. Robert would ıow . . . ."

The bus pulled up to the stop and Anne crowded in the back with the egroes. There were many plump Negro women clad in white uniforms. hey were going back to Harpers Square from their cleaning and cooking bs. Their ankles, very swollen from hard work, seemed to be crammed in eir shoes. Anne hated this ride. The bus stopped at so many places. She ıd walked farther than she realized and was thankful for the bus today. ıe thought about everything that had happened that day. It seemed like very long day. "This morning," she thought, "I was in my attic, very ıppy. I would love to be there now, with Reeley. He would tell me the an was lying. He said I was no good because my skin is black. That's

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a lie, but then why am I standing in the back of the bus instead of sitting in the front like the whites?"

"Fifty-third and Garrison."

The bus was depressing Anne so she decided to walk the few blocks left to her apartment. She climbed out of the bus and onto the cluttered streets. "It must be about five," Anne thought. She walked past a beer joint whose windows were broken. A very fat man hobbled out of the door. He looked like he hadn't shaved for weeks, and his stomach hung out from his T-shirt. He was mumbling words to himself as he staggered across the street. The boys who were playing baseball told him to go around home plate. He muttered something to them and walked across the field. Anne remembered how it was in the white section. There were parks and people had lawns to play on. "Why should it bother me?" She thought. "It has never bothered me before. We have to use a sewer grate for home plate. It's not fair." She was getting bitter now. "They do not know how we live or do they enjoy watching us live like this? What did that man mean by 'We Shall Overcome' and marching? Mother never told me about that. She never told me why Robert left, either." She started walking faster. "I must hurry home even though Mother is working. She looks just like those women on the bus. Poor Mother, she is never going to get anything in life." A thought haunted Anne. "Will I get anything more than Mother? I have to. I will not be a laundry or cooking lady for some white woman. What is the matter with me? I have never thought of it that way before. I wish I were home in my attic with Reeley. . . ." There were only a couple flats left until her apartment.

"Louise, I said to get back here."

"I'm going Mother and you're not going to stop me."

"You won't make it. They won't let you," a woman screamed out of the window. "It's not safe to be alone in Harpers Square at night. Louise, please."

"Good-bye Mother. Don't you understand? I have to go."

"No, Louise, please!"

Anne wondered where the girl was going. "That's how Robert left, only at night," Anne remembered. "Mother begged him not to go. He said he wanted more than what she had. Oh good, I'm finally home." She walked up the old, rickety stairs and into her apartment. For the first time, she noticed how junky it was. Resentment began to fill her brain. "It's not fair," she screamed, tears were flooding her eyes. "Because of my skin, I get this rat hole. I eat meat once a week because we are so poor and the meat I eat has been a resting place for flies." She was climbing the stairs to her attic. "Reeley, they called me a nigger, but I am one. Do you hear me, Reeley? I have to go away, just like Robert. I have to leave this place to find something better. I'll go north like Robert, maybe to New York. You can't stop me, Reeley, even if you beg me to stay." There was an agonizing silence in the room. "Then you think I should go?" Silence. "I

ate you too, Reeley. You do not know how ugly this room is. Look out his window. Apartments after apartments that are just like this one. People who will never get more than this stinking life, and don't have enough ght to go anywhere. I am different. I don't want to disappoint Mother, ut I can no longer live here. I know I am only twelve years old, but I vill find Robert. He will take care of me. Look out this window, or are ou afraid? Yes, there is still a lot to watch, but I don't want to watch his kind of stinking life." Tears were streaming down her face. "Yesterday I would have enjoyed this scene, but today I hate it, just like I hate his junky attic." Her voice got quieter now, but she continued crying. We call this living, Reeley. I used to call it happiness when another hild was born into this misery. I used to call it happiness when I had a enny to buy licorice, but I am no longer a child. That means I must give ou up, Reeley. I knew you were pretend, but I can no longer pretend or you. Good-bye, Reeley." She walked down the stairs and stood in the itchen for a while. Her mother walked in.

"Anne, what are you doing?"

"I'm going to find Robert."

"What? He is far away. You can't make it, Annie."

"I'm going to."

Her mother looked at her to see how serious she was. "If you go, you on't get farther than Harpers Square, Anne. It's dangerous."

"I have to try, Mother."

"No, you won't make it even if you try. Anyway, Robert is way out in ew York. Where would you get the money?"

"I'd get there."

"Annie, you would never make it, don't you see?"

Anne stared at her mother.

"I don't know where Robert is or where you'd find him. I think he's in ew York, but I don't know. Your father has a good heart, but you know ow he is. Anne, you are my whole life, and now you want to go. You on't make it, though."

Anne realized what she would do to her mother if she left. "No, of urse not. It was a wild idea, anyway."

Disappointment flooded into Anne. She knew her mother had given her e to her. Sadly, she realized that maybe tomorrow she could go. "I'll clean the attic." Anne ran up the stairs. "I've got to pretend for a few ore years, Reeley." She thought of her actions an hour before. "I have arned something. Later I will find Robert, but now I must stay with other." She walked over to the window and stood there, watching.

JANUARY 1966 BY NATALIE FITZSIMMONS

So this is war!
I am dazed, startled.
Gone is my glittering patriotism.
I find I cannot think.
"So this is war," I mourn, although I am not on a battlefield.
"So this is war," I repeat, although I will not have to fight.
Why does man, why do men, why did my man—a boy no longer—want to leave life behind and go to a far country to die?
So this is war!
Making widows of those who never were brides.

MY COUNTRY BY PEGGI CHERRINGTON

I live in a land, so mighty and true
The sun always shines, the sky's always blue,
It's a land of equality
And no-one's depressed,
A land of miracles
With freedom expressed.
We've got riches untold,
And a spirit so fine,
We've got many great artists
And many great minds.
We've got food in abundance,
And disease in control,
We've got life in new buildings,
And tradition in old.
We've got armies and navies,
And guns and tanks,
We give away money
And don't ask for thanks,
We've got a heritage
Upright and tall,
We live in a democracy
Equal to all,
Why, we're so noble
And perfectly hued
We only need God
When we're in the mood.

THE SCREAM BY NANCY RICHARDS

A sharp scream pierces the tense atmosphere,
    a baby is born.
Terrified screams thunder through closed passages,
    miners are trapped.
An agonized scream is smothered by fighting,
    a soldier is shot.
An unholy scream echoes through the night,
    a child is raped.
A scream of sudden, unbelievable shock,
    the President is killed.
A scream from a small negro girl in prayer,
    a bomb is hurled.
Endless screams from the suffering thousands,
    who will never be healed.
An insane scream of joy from hooded shadows,
    a burning cross is raised.
Inhuman screams from the depths of unreality,
    begging for a bottle . . . a fix.
A crucial scream for life giving food,
    which no one can share.
An ignored scream from a true human being,
    asking freedom to be different.
A stifled scream echoing through greyness,
    a coffin is lowered.
Lost screams of those left to wander,
    alone forever.
The horrible scream from millions, silenced in a minute,
    when the button is pushed.

ON THE HORIZON BY JOHN SNELL

On the horizon were a million soldiers.
The army was so far off that each man seemed no
  larger than an ant.
They marched onward.
When they were finally upon us, I was startled,
  for I realized they were still no larger
  than ants.

Rain . . . horrible Monday morning. Eggs and buttered toast. I can't think of anything more prosaic. Shut up you dumb bird. Dumb bird, dumb bird . . . dumbird . . . Wish I could go back to bed. Rain makes me mad . . . yes, mad . . . like a dog. Woof! Woof! Woof . . . Wolf . . . Wolfe . . . American author, 1900's. Writers, ink . . . dirty old watered-down ink. Ugh, ink. Rain like ink. Ink like rain. Comes down all over. All over my papers. Old papers and watered-down ink. Old papers plus watered-down ink equals . . . ugh. Cars—mud. Muddy buggy bumpers . . . mud-splatters. Smear the dirty-old-ink. Dirty-old-ink on a dirty-old-theme. English theme. Have to copy it over . . . Splotched. That's how I look. Muddy and splotched and bareheaded and ridiculous, like a poppy bed in a storm. Cars again. Carsagain, innagin, out-agin, Finnigan. Have to drive in the gutters. Mud looks better than ink. Finally, the bus. Beacon of mercy in a bitter world. Beacon . . . Bacon . . . Essays . . . Drippy and greasy. Have to take up all the seats. I hate to stand on a bus. Makes me feel so . . . exposed. Whatever happened to the shining knights? The rain must have rusted their armor. Rusty armor. Chuckle.

"Whatsa matter, girl? The retarded bus left an hour ago."

Guffaws of laughter.

I hate—hate it . . . them. I feel like a snail crawling into his shell. Like I want to bite my lip off. When you wish upon a star. You can be better than you are. Better than you are . . . better-thanyouarebetterthany . . . Oof. My books! Busses . . . stop so quickly. All right, all right! I'm out of your way. Drips. There. I'm the drip. Ouch! Shove and shove and shove . . . or be shoved. Ouch! Hate this. What to grit, grit my teeth. And sound . . .

"Oh, I'm sorr . . ."

Why did I push her? Retarded girl. Those eyes. They frighten me. They're so sad. Please—don't keep looking at me. How can you be so sorry and so scared? I feel the way I did in second grade when I stepped on a robin's egg. Those eyes . . . those eyes . . . I'll never forget that—You can be better than you are. Better than you are. Better than you are. All little things. Cruel. They get bigger and bigger and more and more. Like soap bubbles. You don't even see them until they're so big they burst. Then they sting you and you sneeze. Why don't more people sneeze? It's cruel and little and nasty. Mud and ink and ridiculousness. I only feel this way in the rain . . . drippy, drippy rain. Ridiculous . . . robin's egg. You can be better than you are . . . better than you are . . . better . . . better . . . better . . .

MARGARET JEAN BAKER, OSBORNE, KANSAS, 17 / "Although I've never really examined my motives for writing, I think it serves mainly as an outlet for my thoughts and things which bother me. 'Abby' (p. 21-23) was written as an assignment for my English IV Composition class. I tried to follow my comp teacher's advice that good authors write because they have something to say. The message in my story may be obscure, but it's there. I also wanted it to be different from all those stories with happy endings, because I know life isn't all like that."

ROBERT HANKS, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA., 18 / "I became interested in photography as a means of creative expression while I was an exchange student in Germany for the year 1964-65. Photography has particular meaning to me because I am not a great talker, and I believe that one picture is worth a thousand words. My entry 'Formidable Sight of the Berlin Wall at 2 A.M.' (p. 24) has special meaning to me since Berlin was the highlight of my year abroad. It also serves as a constant reminder to me that all people are not free to act as we do."

ROBERT McCAMANT, HUBBARD, ORE., 17 / "As far as my photography goes, I subscribe to the theory that creativity is mostly after-thought. The original click of the shutter is only a germ of the ideas that go into a good picture. 'I Lift My Lamp Beside the Golden Door' (p. 24) is a good example of this. It was simply a snap-shot taken two years ago on a family trip, until I became interested in doing my own darkroom work. I made five or ten prints of it over a period of a month or so before I was satisfied. And so the final picture is not only a record of the creativity of Frederic Bartholdi, but also a little of me, too."

SUSAN MacLEOD, BILLINGS, MONT., 17 / " 'Whose War?' (p. 25) can be interpreted many ways. One can be whose war are we fighting—for the Vietnamese, freedom or for the status of the United States? Another can be the crisis of children being involved with the ugliness of war. And still another is that in war man is fighting for decency and kindness as he shows to the child in his arms."

LINDA ANN NIHART, ELKHART, IND., 18 / "The only thing special about 'My Allowance' (p. 25) is that it was one of the assignments that was due in Art Class. My Senior art course has helped me a lot in deciding on a general field for a career. I have decided to work in the fields of art and music."

LESLIE PHELPS, RIVERSIDE, CAL., 18 / "Creating my collage (Untitled—p. 26) was an easy thing for me because it involved the race question. I find myself getting increasingly angrier whenever I read about the injustice and inequality in our country. The problem is—who *really* cares? Do you care enough to get involved in the problem, to stand up against terrifying odds? Does anyone really care?"

BRENDA WATSON, SALVA, ILL., 14 / "I love creative writing because it's a means of expressing one's ideas and opinions. Sometimes we can't play an active part in carrying out our ideas. Creative writing is my means of doing this. In 'Maybe Tomorrow' (p. 27-31) I wanted to make people realize poverty existed, and you can't just turn your back on it. I also like creative writing because it is an outlet for my emotions and imagination."

NATALIE FITZSIMMONS, COLUMBIA, S.C., 17 / "'January 1966' p was written when a boy I was dating dropped out of college to join the a rewrote it later to make it smoother. Although the poem has a special meanin me, I guess the feeling is as old as war itself, not limited to Viet Nam in the l

PEGGI CHERRINGTON, ALLENTOWN, PA., 16 / "I have always l write and have luckily been encouraged to do so by both my family and my t I enjoy writing as a way of expressing myself. I write only when I'm in a A thought strikes and I write—always typing the original draft. I never read any I write until some time later, and then I make the corrections." Entry—"My C (p. 32).

NANCY RICHARDS, BALTIMORE, MD., 15 / "In 'The Scream' (p. 33 of my feelings toward everyday events and crises faced by others are put do paper. In a manner of thinking, our whole life is a big scream. It is initially s at birth and everyone's scream is finally silenced at the destruction of life. To writing is a way of expressing myself more clearly than I would be able to verbaliz

JOHN SNELL, HASLETT, MICH., 17 / "About 'On the Horizon' (p. 33) war is small and selfish! For thousands of years men have warred; although most despise war, only a few have dared to be different: to love their brothers instea killing them. The time has come for mankind to try this great experiment of love end war."

MARCIA CLEMMITT, CANTON, OHIO, 16 / "My entry, 'The Drips' (p started out as a school assignment to write an essay on chivalry. It developed grad into an experiment in stream-of-consciousness writing, and ended as an all out att to create a short story. I think that this kind of metamorphosis is essential to cre writing because the form of the words must be molded by the thought which prom them."

KEVIN MILLER, McPHERSON, KAN., 17 / "To say that my interest in tive expression came from any one place or experience would be difficult. 'The board House' (p. 38) is my attempt to portray the plight of impoverished Mexi according to my limited understanding of them gained during my stay in a four work camp in El Valle del Testerazo, Mexico. During the work-camp I came to the families who lived in houses made of cardboard and junk. I grew to under the feeling of parents caught in the prison of their environment who can offer children little to build a future brighter than their own."

KIRK McKINLAY, LOS ANGELES, CAL., 14 / "My entry (Untitled, p. 3 unique because I found this method of drawing by accident. I have always liked drawings because of their detail. When I had Art II in school, I found that by blo a drop of good ink on a high quality paper I could make a very expressive de After I got good at this I tried filling designs in between—and there you have entry."

TERRY SIMMONS, AKRON, OHIO, 18 / "Photography to me is a way to express emotions and feelings common to all, which cannot be clearly expresesd verbally." Entry—"A Time to Learn" (p. 39)

KAREN CHILDS, FAIRFIELD, CONN., 14 / "I have always been interested in art—in all forms: dancing, dramatics, music, painting—and I've been drawing since I was eight. This print (p. 39) was done during last summer's vacation art course where I met a girl from France whose name was Tia. I named the print after her."

DEBBY PAULSEN, STURGEON BAY, WIS., 17 / "I have been fortunate in the past two years to have a short-short story, a poem, and an essay printed in our school literary annual, *Clipper Collections,* and a short-stort story printed in the *American Girl Magazine.* Until my junior year in high school I never felt I would like writing poetry. It was then, through college-prep English assignments, that I found satisfaction in this type of creative writing and joy in its compact form. 'Miracle' (p. 40) reflects my feeling about the wonder in the creation of life and was prompted by the series of prenatal photographs in LIFE Magazine."

SUSAN CAMPBELL, KEENE, N.H., 17 / "I first became interested in poetry when I would sit down to write a term paper or just to write my own thoughts, and suddenly everything would come out poetry. The poem in question was written on sort of a dare. I was at a church camp and a minister had noticed my writing. It was mostly pretty depressing, so he dared me to write something happy. From this came 'Or Maybe It's Just Because' (p. 41)."

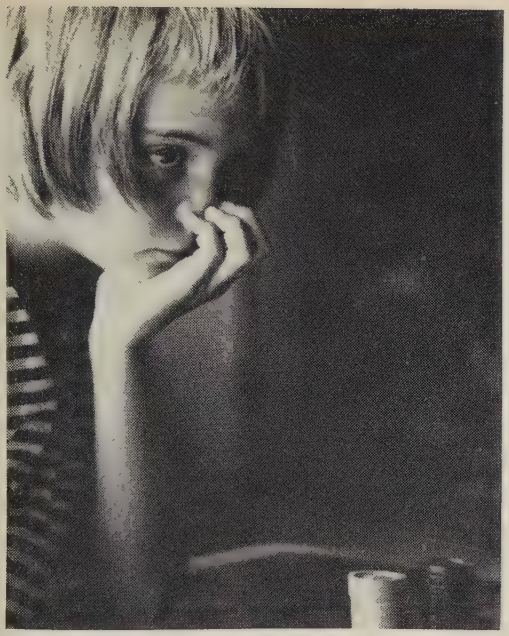
NANCY HARTE, FERGUSON, MO., 18 / "There are no set rules to follow when you are writing and, therefore, you are free to express what you want in any way you want. Usually I write about my own experiences and feelings, for example, in my poem 'The Boy' (p. 42) I was expressing loneliness, a feeling which I'm sure everyone has felt at some time or another. We forget that everyone else has problems because we become so concerned with our own."

RANDY LAIB, SEATTLE, WASH., 18 / "From the time my ninth grade English teacher first encouraged me to write poetry, expressing my feelings on paper hasn't always been easy. However, the ecstacy of a moment or the memory of a single incident often demands an attempt to re-create the experience. The sudden memory of a childhood happening led to 'The People, Yes' (p. 43). In a sense, the poem represents a minority view of the overriding 'rule of the majority.' The point of perspective, though, is that of a little child who sees something special in a similarly insignificant little tree. The inevitable triumph of the adult world is suggested by the inverted rhyme scheme ending in the child's helplessly defiant, 'No!' "

RICHARD PLUMB, ESSEX, CONN., 18 / "I find myself getting into 'kicks' of different forms of expression. These two selections were my first wood cuts. The girl I did while day-dreaming. I would prefer you to call it 'Laury' (p. 44)."

THE CARDBOARD HOUSE BY KEVIN MILLER

UNTITLED BY KIRK MCKINLAY



A TIME TO LEARN BY TERRY SIMMONS

ple should listen more, to the voices of small children

From OR MAYBE IT'S JUST BECAUSE by Susan Campbell

TIA BY KAREN CHILDS

THE MIRACLE BY DEBBY PAULSEN

The human embryo begins to form
One-tenth of an inch
Yet lungs, stomach, liver, kidney, heart.
A stump for an arm; a tail for legs,
Floating gently in a salt solution,
Protected from bumps and shocks—
Growing.
Two lives as one: exchange of life-fluid,
Exchange of death-fluid.
Webbed fingers; webbed toes,
Mouth, lips, tongue, teethbuds,
Plugged nostrils, plugged ears,
Large head; Mammoth brain.
Inhaling, exhaling in the life-saving solution—
Not drowning in a death solution.
Kicking, poking, jabbing, scratching . . .
LIVING
Ears, nose, hair, thumbs,
Fingers, toes, ribs, bones,
Knees, ankles, elbows, wrists,
BORN!
BAWLING!
BREATHING!

OR MAYBE IT'S JUST BECAUSE BY SUSAN CAMPBELL

Little kids are so true,
In everything they do.

When playing in trees,
Or just jumping rope,
Or crawling on their knees,
For them there's always hope.

They say such delightful things,
Like, "Santa's coming!"
Or, "Hear the bees humming!"
People should listen more,
To the voices of small children.

They spy little things
Crawling on the ground,
Like ants and spiders and caterpillars
And others, I think,
Grownups never found.

Maybe they see these things
Because they're so close to the ground.
Or maybe it's just because,
They take time to look around.

THE BOY BY NANCY HARTE

He stood alone—
tattered shirt,
torn trousers,
He was a nothing i said
and slowly, slowly i walked past.
but as i did i saw a tear
falling down
down the dirty face,
and i gazed at him
full of love—
He was a Somebody—
He felt loneliness—
He had feelings.
i walked up to him,
slowly
i smiled at him and saw—
in the midst of his blue eyes
a faint—ever so small
light,
a look of Hope
a small smile crossing his face.

My heart overflowed.

THE PEOPLE, YES BY RANDY LAIB

i heard him say, "This tree can go;
We have no use for what's this small."

They marked it with a yellow sign
They pushed it down next afternoon
They used a tractor with a blade
They covered it all up with dirt

the sun was shining in the sky

i asked the man if it could stay:
It was a special friend of mine,
And had my name upon its side;
There was a special place to sit
And read a book or touch the wind
Or peek at people walking past!
I could pretend it was a mast
And I was on a ship. I grinned,
I was the Cheshire cat! I split
A dead twig once to look inside.
I had a wooden horse as fine
As those on which most children play!

i'm just a kid to Them, but why
won't they just listen? "Hey, don't hurt
The feelings of the kid!"
They made

me go inside, and said that soon
It would look nice. . . . The whole design
Most people liked the best of all.

(The People, yes: *this* people, No!)

TREE OF KNOWLEDGE BY GAIL ROSSITI

Take my hand, O Wind and murmur
the Secrets of the Night . . .

From THE DEATH OF DAY by Andrea Hei

LAURY BY RICHARD PLUMB

PROFILE BY TERRY SIMMONS

SUNRISE BY DON FATKA

DAY BY PEGGI CHERRINGTON

And suddenly
the night arose
and lifted the dew
and shook the flowers
and nudged the birds
and dusted the sky
and hung out the clouds
and turned on the sun
and when he was done
it was day.

THE DEATH OF DAY BY ANDREA HEISS

The pale moon rides across the hills of
the sky.
Burnished woods tumble through a
passionate air.
Take my hand, O Wind, and murmur the
Secrets of the Night,
Singing softly while the silvery eyes
of stars watch earth through black-net veils.
Once the saffron yellowness of day engulfed
the shadows,
And I listed to the warm rays of
the sun.
Now faded Day has broken its promises,
and gently crept away.

THE WEED BY KRISTINE IWAMOTO

Ah, woe is me.
I am a weed,
Condemned by man since the eve of time.

"Pest, nuisance, humbug"—
That's me;
But, what harm do I do
Except take up a bit of earth?

Yet here comes a callous brown hand
To tug at my precious roots.
Ah, woe is me whom God has created just as those rose!
But vengeance is mine—
Here sprouts another of my kind.

SUMMER HARVEST BY RALPH STURGEN

The sun burns down on naked back,
The wind drifts through the hair,
While combine's creak and reaper's grate
Break through the quiet air.

The gently rolling countryside,
The dark and leafy trees
That stand against the bright blue sky
And wave with every breeze,
Are calling me to leave my work,
To roam in meadows long and wide
And fall into the grass to hide
Beneath the broad, cool leaves.

The grate and creak can still be heard
When darkness cools the crop;
But, though the night calls us to rest
And dulls our weary minds,
We bend our backs and still work on,
With lights to ward the darkness off,
Until we greet the dawn.

FORSAKEN? BY NEVIN LAIB

The sun is high overhead and the beach is crowded with people. The pandemonium created by the mob rises like heat to be swept away by some vagrant breeze. The tide is out and at the extreme right corner of the strand is the usual conglomeration of little old ladies enjoying the last, evanescent days of life. Ostensibly they are here to "beat the heat," but they rarely venture to the water. They sit enthralled by the passing of the ameboid crowd. They watch a mother keeping her vigil over a squalling child. Another youngster is being admonished by a stranger for having absconded with his newspaper.

Near the lifeguard's chair a raucous radio blares out a blatant combination of music and barely coherent lyrics. A group of teenagers contort and squirm like insects trying to escape a hand held over them poised for the kill.

The lifeguard lounges on his wooden throne as is his wont. His pensive eyes focus alternately upon the water, the girls, and one particularly vainglorious beach bum who is notorious for bullying people. Practically everyone envies the bully. The lifeguard expends energy in glancing up and down the waterfront. A few children and some middle-aged people are romping in the shallows. Farther out he can see the remnants of a wooden sign which has been confiscated from the beach and set adrift. Faded red lettering on it states unequivocally: "DO NOT THROW REFUSE INTO WATER." Occasionally a chance flash of reflected light obfuscates its message. The lifeguard turns his squinting eyes up the beach to a more pleasant sight—a group of bikini-clad girls adroitly playing with a beach ball. The drowsy sun sends beams that fall over the populace of the sandy world.

Later a diffident little boy with some pretension to an inquiring mind sneaks up to the life guard's chair and has the temerity to ask the lifeguard if he is indeed asleep. There is no answer. The boy waits for at least some sign of life, at least a snore; some revelation to verify his continued existence.

Around a bend are two young lovers. Oblivious to the passage of time and unaware of the condition of the lifeguard they lie in the rays of the setting sun.

GAIL ROSSITER, GRAFTON, MASS., 18 / "Although I love to sketch and watercolor, I also love to wander through a museum and savor the works of others. This work, 'Tree of Knowledge' (p. 44) is special to me because it is a monoprint, a medium that I had never experimented with before. And the 'Tree' was the result of some inner force, nothing particularly deep or mysterious, but a spontaneous force that gives the 'Tree' a freshness that is lacking in most of my work. I like the 'Tree' because it is young and vital—it's just a sapling."

TERRY SIMMONS, AKRON, OHIO, 18 / "With a picture one can capture a portion of time and catch a mood or scene which is overlooked by casual observation. And so it is with 'people pictures'—one's job is not just to capture a likeness, but to capture an image of the total person. Photographs of this type need no interpreter, for they speak a universal language." Entry—"Profile—(p. 45)

DON FATKA, POLK CITY, IOWA, 19 / "Silhouettes have always fascinated me as seen through a camera. 'Sunrise' (p. 45) was taken early one morning when I was out roaming with my camera. It is simply a weed, usually considered ugly, seen in a different light."

PEGGI CHERRINGTON, ALLENTOWN, PA., 16 / "When I wrote 'Day' (p. 46) I was in a good mood, the type of mood when I really appreciate nature and I hate to stay inside. I feel as if I should be running up a grassy hill with the wind in my face. When I'm in these moods I get an urge to write something about nature . . . I feel I'd like to communicate it to others."

ANDREA HEISS, JACKSONVILLE, ILL., 17 / "I am an inquisitor, inspector, experimenter, and explorer searching for greater knowledge about myself and the world. Life incarnate speaks in each sensation and in each second: curiosity about this eternal enigma makes every day meaningful." "Death of a Day"—(p. 46)

KRISTINE IWAMOTO, KOLOA, HAWAII, 18 / "I don't know how I got interested in creative writing—from school I guess. The first thing they teach you after you've learned to write is to compose ideas into words. My entry 'The Weed' (p. 47) was written on a lazy, blistering-hot Sunday afternoon. I didn't feel like doing a tedious chore (pulling weeds); so, I wrote a poem to that miserable plant to make up for what I didn't accomplish physically."

RALPH STURGEN, FT. LEONARD WOOD, MO., 19 / "I have been interested in expressing my ideas, feelings, and experiences in some form and the form varies with my mood and what is at hand. In this particular case I was working as records clerk for a combine field crew in northern Illinois and I had only pencil and paper so I had to express the scenes as best I could." Entry—"Summer Harvest"—(p. 47)

NEVIN LAIB, SEATTLE, WASH., 15 / "Creative writing is to some ex.e means for clarifying my own viewpoint on an issue. The act or even the a to put my ideas on paper forces me to bring order to any conflicting beliefs I The selection 'Forsaken?' (p. 48) is the result of the 'God Is Dead' theology has recently come to public attention. It is meant to express my opinion of the and to ask one basic question which I believe to be pertinent."

LAURIE GILLESSE, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., 14 / "I have always be n ested in most any kind of art, especially realistic paintings and drawings. To to express myself through a drawing rather than in words is challenging and i ing to me. 'The Symbol' (p. 52) is a fish—the symbol for a Christian. It is on an old drift wood board, which makes the drawing stand out as old and we This summer I plan to continue this technique of painting as well as others."

DANIEL DIEHL, ALLIANCE, OHIO, 17 / "This past year, my senior y high school, I took a course in photography and found it an excellent char self-expression. Last fall I visited the New York Worlds Fair. It was here I to picture 'Arch of God' (p. 52). The arch is part of the Vatican Pavilion, and through it, you see the chapel in the Belgian Village."

SHEENA BROWN, ATLANTIC, IOWA, 17 / The 'Madonna' (p. 53) w spired by the face of one of my friends. Originally I was planning this 'staine window' to be from the baby Jesus' point of view with everyone looking down while standing around the manger. But, looking at one of my models who ofte her hair in the middle, and has classic features, I knew she would make a be 'Mary.'. Of course, I had to simplify her features a great deal."

LOWELL WEBB, SHIPSHEWANA, IND., 17 / "I really became intere creative expression at a Coffee House meeting for youths of all denominations i hart, Indiana, last fall. Art is free. You can put any amount of feeling on the It can be descriptive or abstract. A person can say a lot through art to others. try: "Walk through Storms"—(p. 54)

RONALD ROGERS, SANTA FE, N.M., 17 / "I made a few feeble atte write in the fifth grade—a very few—but I didn't realize what true honest writing do for both the writer and the reader. It was only during this last year that I the difference between writing and dabbling. 'Writing' is tasting things a other people have tasted and felt before but never thought much about. It is people remember the taste and the feel, making them remember the bea the ugliness or the sadness of it. A writer's job is not to show off his talent, use it to the very best of his ability in telling other people all about how g isn't. If 'The Bird' (p. 55-60) is clumsy, it is because I am a long way from I want to be and getting there is what I live for."

PAULA RICHEY, SIMI, CAL., 16 / "When I was seven years old I wrote called *Holly, Molly, Dolly, Polly, and Lolly* and I have been writing ever si have always kept a diary and a notebook of impressions, which I use in writing and short stories. However, I have found poetry to be a better means of exp myself, and it is my main interest at the present time. Poetry is a way of my thoughts and tying them down so I may study them at leisure. 'Faith' (p. 6 written as a protest against blind and conceited self-praise—a prayer for humil is a reminder to me that all things come from God, and that too often these are taken for granted."

CLAUDIA KRAEHLING, ST. LOUIS PARK, MINN., 13 / "When I was four I used to recite poetry and ask my mother to write it down. It never rhymed, and it still doesn't. I write poetry to express my many moods and I find I can express my feelings in poetry better than in any other way. I wrote 'Scene' (p. 61) for an Easter present this year for my father and mother. I feel that in everyday life there is room for Christ and the lesson of suffering He gave us."

CHARLENE OSSLER, ROBERTSVILLE, OHIO, 17 / "I made my first stab at writing poetry in the eighth grade as a class project. I found that playing with words and attempting to express myself by them fascinated me. The one person who has the greatest influence on my writing and thinking is an English student teacher who encouraged the unconventional. 'Hope of '66' (p. 62) was written after reading newspaper headlines and magazine articles. I had to ask myself why life contained these aspects and wonder if it would bestow the same results on me."

CAROLYN MAXWELL, ELKHART, IOWA, 16 / "I hadn't written much before this year, but my friends and I decided to write our class news in poetry form. I enjoyed it a lot and started writing more on my own. I wrote 'The Hypocrite' (p. 62) to show that so many people seem to feel sorry for others, but when it comes to doing something about it, they seem to feel 'Let George do it,' still feeling they've done their duty."

SUE KIEHL, FLORISSANT, MO., 17 / "I feel that one part of art is communication between myself and the outer world. And communication may sometimes involve a social criticism. My work 'The Room Somewhere' (p. 63) is a statement of such a criticism. It is my belief that people live in boxes without windows and that art is an important way to make windows so people can see the world around them."

CHRISTINA HUSTED, GREENWICH, CONN., 17 / "In the fourth grade I started writing. How well I remember my first poem! As a sophomore in high school I had a teacher who suggested I use free verse. Since that turning point, the words have just kept coming. I love the simplicity and exactness that this form of poetry allows. In the last year I've begun to dream of being a writer, but the point I tried to make in my poem 'Truths' (back cover) bothers me. I wonder if I will lose the special feeling I get from writing. And I also wonder if I am writing about the things that everybody writes about and then forgets as they get older."

SYMBOL BY LAURIE GILLE

The Son of Man hangs on the cross, silently, silently.

From FAITH by Paula Ric

MADONNA BY SHEENA BROWN

E BIRD BY RONALD ROGERS

The bird was quiet in his palms—brown, grey-speckled. It ked at him, neck twitching, wings, spilled over the edges of hands, scraping his thumbs. The boy's eyes did not reply d the sparrow spread its wings, arched into the sky. It had uble gaining altitude at first, but it slapped its wings against e hot summer air and shot upward, the light glinting across e easy curve in its spine.

The boy watched until the bird disappeared with a blinding sh into the sun. In return, the sun crushed the flatness of the sert, and the land in the distance wavered from the heat.

The smooth earth was broken only by the imprints of his own ots, staggering out from the city—a sprinkling of silver tches in the blue of the distant valley. The boy had walked m there, his feet scraping the dirt, carrying him slowly, mak- g the dirt smoke.

He stood looking at the sky, hoping to see the bird again, t the bird was gone. It was free and no longer his.

Nothing more to do, he thought. No reason to stay.

But he stayed just the same and watched the desert, and the sert did nothing. It gave him no reason to linger, no reason go.

The sun pressed its massive hand into the desert, and the at became a voice— soft and foreboding.

"Go home," it said. "Go home . . ."

His father was sitting where he always sat, in front of the evision with the pale light flickering across the rough-chiseled es of his thin face, across the narrow brown scar under his t eye, puckered and starved-looking—a scar from the last ar. He looked up only briefly as Jim entered.

Jim closed the door behind him, closing out the sunlight d plunging the house again into darkness. The stuffy, gravelly st smell hit his nostrils again and he cringed inside. It was smell he hated, had always hated. He leaned against the aster wall at his shoulder and waited for his eyes to adjust to e dimness of the room.

His father held his eyes on the television as he spoke. "Well?"

"Sir?" Jim said, very softly.

(Con't from page 55)

"Whaddya mean, 'sir?' Didya get ridda that goddamn bird?"

"Yessir," quietly.

"Awright. Get yer ma outta that bed. Tell her to make supper."

Jim stood for a moment, eyes squeezed shut, trying to kill the hate, but the hate was there. His father had once been wiry, strong, but that was gone. Now he was withered and dry—a grey-clad filling station attendant. His hair was disappearing and the little left was thin and uncombed.

Jim hated the house, too. It was a tiny house, bare and dark with sticks of furniture and a litter of dirty clothes and old newspapers sprinkled about.

Jim's father kept his eyes pinned to the television, forcing his body on the reluctant old wooden rocker. The chair was chipped badly, the flowered cushion torn and belching cotton, its joints stiff and groaning with age.

Jim was sick of the house and of the people in it and someday, just you wait, someday . . .

He felt along the wall at his shoulder until he came to the door which he swung open. He put his head inside the grey opening. "Mom?"

The thin thing stirred beneath the soiled quilt, once bright, dulled now from age, mistreatment. Her hair spiraled away from her head in a thousand directions and her yellow mouth worked, made sticky little smacking noises. Her eyes never opened—never. Sure, the lids could be pulled back and the whites showing, but the eyes were closed just the same.

"Mom?"

She stirred a little more and a pale, thin hand swam out from under the covers and pointed itself at him.

"Jimmy . . ." The voice was trembling, mousy, pleading for pity.

Jim's stomach tightened and he swallowed hard. Her theatrics disgusted him. "Pop wants you to fix supper," he said. "Wants it now."

"Jimmy, tell him I'm sick."

How pitiful. How pathetic. You're ripping me up.

"Tell him I'm sick, baby."

You tell him, Jim thought. What did you do when he tried to kill the bird? You blubbered. You were sick. I stopped it. *I* did!

"You ain't sick!" The voice roared in from the next room,

ıshing the walls closer, closer. "Get outta there and fix sup-
er!"

She whimpered and forced a knobby foot over the edge of
ıe bed.

Jim swallowed again and turned away.

"Jimmy!" she cried. "Stay a while!"

He almost made it to the front door, almost, and his father's
oice stopped him cold.

"Ya heard yer mother! Get back here or I'll break your skull!"

The bird. He'd tried to kill the bird. It was in the back yard
ıd he picked up a rock and was going to kill it. Mom sat there
ı the grass and said nothing, did nothing. She blubbered.
hat was all.

He'd stopped it himself! He'd been so scared his insides were
old. He'd hit his old man. He'd been beaten half to death,
ıt he'd hit the old man and it felt good.

Now he stood still, gripping the doorknob so hard his knuckles
ıled. The muscles in his jaw tightened as he turned slowly and
alked back to his mother.

His father put his eyes back to the television and said nothing.

His mother sat on the edge of the bed, feet dangling. She
as leaning forward, bony shoulders thrust upward.

"I'm sorry he hit at you that way," she said quietly.

"Yes, ma'm."

"He used to care about me when I was sick. I should have
ft him then . . ."

The bird wheeled, reveling in the newness of his wings, the
ewness of the sky and the sharp wind cutting beneath his
athers. There was something about the sun and the wind,
mething about the feel of the desert far below that was killing
memory deep inside.

He remembered the man creature yet, but only faintly. It
as a strange-smelling creature. There had been loose, coarse,
ight-colored skin and pale, blunt talons, placed strangely at
ıe end of its wings. And there was a deep, rhythmic, comfort-
g sound from it, and with the sound came food and water.
e remembered this but the memory was fading fast, cast away
; in the past and useless, and soon it would be gone.

But it was a good memory and there was still a dull aching
ithin him, an aching to go back, but the ache was being
oothed by flight and wild freedom.

(Con't from page 57)

He turned one side of his head toward the desert and suddenly the aching was back, as strong as it had ever been. The figures moving below—two of them—were like the strange-smelling, blunt-taloned creature with the food and water.

One carried a branch—it looked like a branch—but it was straight and glistening, one end thicker than the other. The dust jumped off the toes of their boots and made swirling little clouds around their heels as it came back to earth. The bird saw this and the aching was back, but something inside him said he should go no closer. The instinct, long forgotten, was back again, dark and foreboding.

But he could drop a little closer, anyway. He wouldn't have to leave the sky.

He flipped his tail and dived, the hot wind roaring past him, the yellow desert rushing toward his face.

One of the creatures looked up, shouted. Quickly, the other dropped to one knee and raised the long, glistening branch, jammed the thick end of it into his shoulder.

The foreboding instinct screamed its warning and the bird broke the dive, wheeling, wings clawing the air.

Then the roar. The ear-shattering roar. The blind, mindless terror was just beginning to cool the sparrow's body when something caught him from below, tore at him, stopped him in mid-flight and spun him around.

The bird shrieked as he tumbled out of the heavens, end-over-end and then the shriek died as he plowed into the soft earth, skidding, dust erupting around him.

Pete and Eddy shouted and laughed, a cruel, screeching laugh, and slapped each other on the back as they raced toward the fallen bird.

They stood looking at it for a long while. The short boy, Pete, the one with the rifle, was smiling.

Eddy stood beside him, blond hair fanned out across his forehead, rubbing his palms against his jeans, saying nothing.

Pete giggled, raised his foot, and ground it into the bird's lifeless body. He giggled harder at the brittle, popping sound.

Eddy swallowed hard and did the same. The sharp blue of his eyes glazed over, blinding him to what was being done.

Over and over the feet came down—straight now and hard—smashing the dead bird into an unrecognizable pulp. And then it became a dance, an insane dance with arms waving, legs

ounding the bloody earth to the time of the screams torn from eir throats.

They screamed louder, danced harder and the dance would ot stop until the short boy chose for it to stop . . .

The boys watched the sparrow, but it was no longer a sparw. It was a patch of red earth and faceless gore, and the ort boy was laughing.

"The gutless wonder!" He laughed and pointed.

The tall boy squatted on his haunches a few yards away. The ort boy's chin was almost doubled. Eddy had never noticed at. He wanted to be sick.

"Shaddap, Pete," he said. His voice was cracked and rasping.

Pete appeared not to hear.

"The boneless wonder!" He shrieked and laughed all the rder, that shrill, cruel laugh that made Eddy feel only fear d shame.

Eddy began to retch. He'd never done anything like this fore. Never. He had to do something or he would vomit, ght here.

"Pete, shaddap!"

Pete stopped and looked at him, his eyebrows knitting tother. "Eddy, what the—?"

"Just shaddap!"

Eddy's outburst puzzled Pete, but he wouldn't admit it. He vered his bewilderment with bluster.

"Whassamadder? Feel sorry for the darling little bird?"

Eddy sprang to his feet, lowered his head, and charged the orter boy, bellowing. He hit him hard and Pete went spinning to the desert. Eddy stumbled over him, regained his footing d kicked him. Hard. Before he could get up.

Pete lay on the ground, legs pumping the dirt, sobbing quietly d holding his ribs.

Eddy watched him and his knees began shaking. His hands ere trembling. He had to get away from here.

He'd never done anything like this before. Never. Never.

He looked at the bird one last time to etch it into his memory. hen he turned and ran, fast and hard, in the direction of the y.

"Please don't talk to the boy that way, sweetheart . . ."

Why didn't she shut up? Go to bed! Whine a little, if it ade her feel any better, but for crissake, shut up!

(Con't from page 59)

"You keep yer mouth outta this!" his father roared. He threw his fork onto his plate with a clatter.

Jim sat quietly, looking at the glass of milk, at the bubbles piled one atop the other around the edges.

His father's head snapped back toward him. "Well?"

"Well, what?"

"Did you kill that goddamn bird?" His father's eyes were wide and shining, the scar brown and tight, his cheeks red and puffing in and out, barely containing the rage inside. "Did you?"

Jim kept his eyes on the milk. "I got rid of him," he said softly.

"But you didn't kill him! I told you to kill him!"

"I let him loose. I went out on the desert and let him loose. He flew, too. He hadn't flew in so long, since he got his wing busted. I wasn't sure he'd be able to . . ."

His father stood up slowly, the legs of his chair whispering across the tattered throw rug beneath. "You punk! You two-bit pansy punk! I swear to God I'll bust yer skull wide open!"

Jim came to his feet, sent his chair crashing into the wall behind him. He braced his feet, chest heaving, fists clenched at his sides. He'd been beaten half to death the last time, but not this time, by God, not this time!

"Jimmy, please!" his mother screamed. "Don't baby, for the love of God. Think of me!"

She made him want to puke. He paid no attention to her. He kept his eyes on his father, watched his face redden and swell, the cords on his neck standing out. His face cracked only a fraction of an inch as he spoke.

"You two-bit punk!" and he swung.

Jim ducked and lashed out with his fist. He felt his knuckles graze his father's ribs. But there was no force behind the punch. His father swung again, connected.

Jim's head roared as he slammed into the wall, the chair tripping him and throwing him on his back. It was useless still. He'd lost again today. Tomorrow he'd win. Tomorrow he'd win because his father had tried to destroy the bird.

But there would always be the bird, soaring skyward, the sun behind him. The bird—wild, free, and indestructible.

FAITH BY PAULA RICHEY

the queen ant
views her brood.
i am god, she says.

the alley cat
views his harem.
i am god, he says.

the exultant artist
views his canvas.
i am god, he says.

The Son of Man
hangs on the cross,
silently, silently.

and we believe.

SCENE BY CLAUDIA KRAEHLING

There was a plump woman
  in shorts—
There was a man
  with a funny umbrella,
There was a boy
  with a peanut butter sandwich—
There was a man and woman
  just come from the theatre,
There was an old man
  with a slight limp—
There was a girl
  with a hole in her dress,

There was a man
  on a cross.

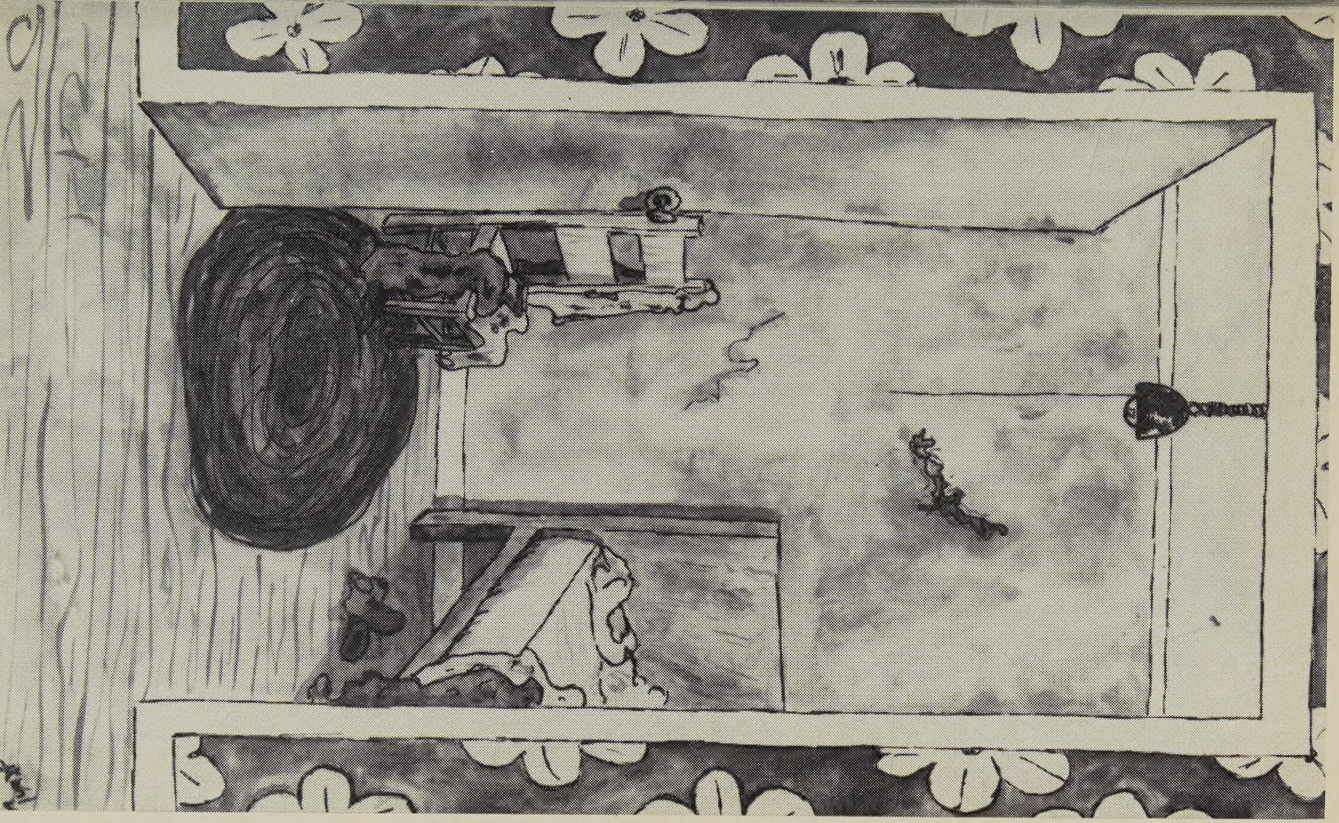
HOPE OF 1966 BY CHARLENE OSSLER

Old man slouching on the steps of the nearest bar
Boy slipping hubcaps off the snob's expensive car
Wrinkled lady crying over faded pictures and wayward children
Girl smoking and cussing and necking and caring not
Father betting on horses with the grocery money
Mother bitching and slapping at five o'clock
    Life . . . give me more than this . . .
    World . . . make me more than this . . .
        Or
            I
                shall
                    crumple
                        you
                            all
    Like paper dolls

                    Somehow.

THE HYPOCRITE BY CAROLYN MAXWELL

Poor little black child
  Wandering in the street.
Poor little black child—
  He needs something to eat.
Poor little black child's
  Daddy needs a job.
Poor little black child,
  Why do you sob?
Poor little black child,
  Forced out on your own.
Poor little black child,
  Why do you moan?
Poor little black child,
  I could help you much.
Tough luck, kid,
  I gotta go to church.



THE ROOM SOMEWHERE BY SUE KIEHL

TRUTHS BY CHRIS HUSTED

I thought my
ideas were unique
or at least
partly different.
And I wrote them down.
They were special—
truths that few had realized.
But last night I saw a woman
looking at the poems
she had written when younger—
and laughing.
Later I saw the lines
she had found so amusing.
They told of the same
loves and dreams
I felt.
Will I, too, lose the special thrill
that comes from seeing your own
thoughts on paper
and only
laugh?